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"In answer to the nineteen centuries of laughter which have greeted the first emperor's statement that he restored the Roman Republic, Buchan . . . stoutly replies that he did that very thing" . . . *(See page 5)*

ON DOING WITHOUT GRAMMAR *By Wilson Follett*

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On Doing Without Grammar

BY WILSON FOLLETT

AMBROSE BIERCE—*"These are obviously tough times for any man so constituted."*

Ah! 'twas a famous spectacle indeed,
This wordy welter!—verbs that disagreed
With nominatives; prepositions all
Too weak to hold the objective case in thrall;
Adverbs and adjectives disparted quite
From parent-words and in a woeful plight
Of orphanage; conjunctions, interjections;
With truly anarchistic predilections;
And pronouns which—a gutter-blooded swarm!—
Denied their antecedents in their form.
—"Shapes of Clay."

THE foregoing objurgations in rhyme describe a shocking fraction of the present public output of language in these parts as if composed expressly to do so. As a matter of fact they descend to us from that dim yesterday, the reign of Roosevelt the First, when the occasion for them was rather less generally urgent than it is now. What provoked them was the flood of political oratory let loose while manifest destiny (as conceived in Washington) was getting itself realized at the site of the future Panama Canal. In Homeric simile the verses continue:

As Hudson bears his never-failing fleet
Of dead dogs, verdant, poddy, and unsweet,
To pile themselves upon the Jersey shore
Or in Sargasso's Sea rest evermore,
So poured this torrent through its delta's breaches—

whereupon the passage smites its cymbals in the final grand sforzando:

And all these parts of speech were parts of *speeches*.

What was fulminated of mere speeches in the early 1900's applies with tenfold force in the late 1930's to an impressive proportion of all that one reads or hears in every quarter from news column to textbook and from radio announcing to the drafting of New Deal legislation. For all that one can now imagine to the contrary it will apply with even more general aptness to the speech and writing of 1950. That prospect, too, is manifest destiny, or as nearly so as anything can be that has not happened yet.

No doubt it is a mercy as well as a pity that the author of the rhymes is not alive to see his words take on the new force and pertinence that every year is giving them. For he was a purist in the thoroughgoing sense—a man who suffered almost physical anguish in the presence of whatever in diction he conceived to be impurity. For instance, on finding himself credited here with "rhymes" instead of "rimes" he would tear his hair out of private chagrin and then go roaring forth after a handful of his traducers out of a sense of public duty. In compounding his acid little prescription for newspaper offices under the label "Write It Right," he excoriated the use of "execute" for "put to death," insisting implacably that what is executed is not the victim, but the sentence. Once he undertook to pay his respects to a best-selling novel, and his report ran: "Amongst other insupportable characteristics the very first sentence in the book contains twelve prepositions and several clashing relatives and concludes with a sequence of four dactyls." Then he added: "The first sentence is as far as I have gone."

These are obviously tough times for any man so constituted. If Bierce were to come to life and resume reading the popular current authors, he would die forty deaths a day, of disgust complicated with otalgia. If in addition he were to read the newspapers, he would die a thousand. Sooner or later, though, he would make the discovery that English grammar, which he had always thought of as the basic rationale of saying what you mean instead of what you don't, is now (as one of my correspondents calls it) merely "a fetish of pedants," and at that point he would blow out his brains and End It All.

Now, mere grammar, like anything else, can be made to seem very mere indeed by dismissing it with bad names—"formal" grammar (as if anyone cared how informally it is grasped, just so it is grasped), "dead syntax," "arid parsing," "an outworn discipline," "a fetish of pedants," and so on—but are the anti-grammarians really disposing of anything with these catchwords? They dig the grave and compose the epitaph, but is grammar really under the tombstone they set up? Whether we like it or not, grammar is very much alive; alive and—except when we are on amiable and coöperative terms with it—kicking. It kicks, in fact, like a mule; and if we do not take adequate measures to keep it pretty well tamed and manageable, it kicks *us*. Mere grammar is twisted into the nature of language about as mere gravitation is twisted into that of the physical universe. There are moments when anyone resents gravitation very much as, say, Mr. Alexander Woollcott resents grammar. But you do not repeal the law of gravity if you step off a cliff into thin air. You only illustrate it.

There are no natural laws of English grammar? Well, let us see. This is a domain in which a few ounces of illustration are worth a long ton of theorizing. Approach a few of the actual cliffs off

Next Week

MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY
By C. C. FURNAS
Reviewed by Morris Fishbein

THE TURNING WHEELS
By STUART CLOETE
Reviewed by C. D. Abbott

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which we stumble when we try to skirt them in the dark without benefit of grammar. Begin with the very lowest, most insignificant cliff of all. Begin, in fact, with something so trivial as a comma. For, the moment you set out to translate language into conventional symbols for the eye, you are committed to commas. A lot of punctuation is simply grammar made graphic, and the spreading hostility to punctuation is part of the latterday war on grammar. Some of us imagine that we can duck both the comma and the logical consequences of not having it, but of course there is no such possibility.

Here is one of the many recent chronicles of Maine coastal and seafaring folk, Isabel Hopestill Carter's "Shipmates." In simple fidelity to the life, times, and folk depicted it is one of the very best such stories in existence, and it ought to outlast practically all of those written with more conscious art. But it is certainly not devoid of minor crudities, and you are not surprised to read on its Page 93: "They entered only one shop where Elizabeth invested in a green and rose wall-pocket for flowers." Take the bearings of that comma. I mean, of course, the one after "shop"—the one that isn't there. As any competent schoolmarm or proofreader will remind you, the sentence means one thing with the comma and quite another without it. Punctuated, it would say (as the context presently shows the author to have meant) that they entered only one shop and that in that one Elizabeth bought the wall-pocket. As printed, it says that they entered more than one shop, but that in only one of them did Elizabeth buy a green-and-rose wall-pocket for flowers. The purely practical question "How many shops did they enter?" is, you see, inextricable from the purely grammatical question, "Is the *where*-clause restrictive or non-restrictive, defining or merely relative?" It takes the comma to answer it in either form, and if you won't have the comma on any terms you are declaring that the destruction of punctuation is actually more salutary than the ability of written language to distinguish between contrary meanings.

Now approach a slightly higher cliff. Here are three similar examples from the gutter-blooded swarm of pronouns:

(1) "He found a naked man lying upon a bed, whom he thought for a moment was his other self."

(2) "Then they [Tennyson and Victoria] talked of the Prince and of Hallam, whom she thought from his portrait in "In Memoriam" greatly resembled him."

(3) "As I look around me, slumber seems to have sealed the eyes of those whom I hoped might be my auditors."

The first two are from lofty British sources, Joseph Hone's authoritative "Life of George Moore" and Miss Edith Sitwell's "Victoria of England"; the third is from Mr. A. Edward Newton's twice-reprinted address on presentation of a first edition of Blackstone to the University of Pennsylvania. Not to use up space analyzing this "whom," pet aversion of F. P. A. for decades (" 'Whom are you?' said Cyril"), let us make it the occasion for a simple little challenge.

There is Mr. Woollcott, who assures us in season and out of season that the teaching of grammar in the schools is a cruel bore besides being a foolishness. Yet you and I know, and his multitude of readers and hearers know, and Mr. Woollcott himself knows, that he would shudder at the thought of being caught dead with such a "whom" on him. Let Mr. Woollcott, then, briskly supply us with some precise, crystal-clear, air-tight way of explaining what is amiss with this repulsive "whom" to a person who never knew what a pronoun is, or a verb, or a subject. Such an explanation is a patent necessity if "formal" grammar is to be banished from the grammar school. Let him show to the satisfaction of the open-minded that his personal avoidance of such abominations is accompanied by Adamic innocence of the Facts of Syntax. And when he has done that let him go on a step and cope with a neat trifle of analysis in Mr. Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Laughter," where it is pointed out that when in sarcasm you say "You're a fine friend, you are!" the "you are" has virtually *the force of a negative adverb.* I yearn to be told how anyone is to get the good of *that* penetrating glance into the nature of language without at least a rudimentary appreciation of grammatical functions, or how otherwise, short of a painfully vague and roundabout explanation, Mr. Eastman could have said at all what he has said so pithily.

Step along now, if you will, to the foot of a much higher crag—one that is the scene of even more numerous plunges to worse disasters. It has come to be a natural law of the English language that a part of a sentence lacking a clear subject of its own refers itself by automatic magnetism to the subject of its main clause. This is a principle so firmly embedded that whenever you ignore it your subjectless part either makes an assertion about the wrong thing, the thing you do not mean, or else, even more nonsensically, makes an assertion about nothing whatever.

Here are the Messrs. Hall and Nord-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Dark Trinity

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TULIPS are set round Hannah Gallatin's tomb.
A pigeon rainbow-necked comes down to dip
And preen at Lawrence's "Don't Give Up the Ship!"
Dark-spired, where towers of trade bulkily loom,
Trinity guards its somnolent dust
High oversoared by the Irving Trust.
Where Rector Street is a flume
For passers-by, Columbia's Bishop Moore
Sleeps opposite the slick Arcade Drug Store . . .
Not yet by wrecking engines dispossessed
Fulton and Hamilton seem to lie at rest . . .

I prowled round the shadowed church,
Of many a man and his spouse
Deciphered the stone where cherub heads have wings.
Where still more pigeons perch
I found the prisoners of the Sugar House
'Mid other Revolutionary things
Memorialized; and chose to pass,
Remembering whiskered Stedman's Wall Street Pan
Where like to Alph that sacred river ran
Through bank-vaults measureless to Man.
Green is the young Spring grass
Between the stones; and that is
Why *Vir Aequanimitatis.*
John Watts, our early city's last royal recorder,
Beyond the iron fence's border,
Looms so leprous. His statue is jaundiced and pitted
Yet do I hear him say,
"I wore the wig that fitted
A man of judgment and feeling!"
Why should I doubt it? Today
He appears to be peeling . . .

John Waddell, lying near to the "L,"
How is it with you?
What and how did you do? . . .
James Lawrence now is far to seek
With his queer old *Chesapeake*
And his grimed hurrahing crew,
Yet only he, out of all this dust,
(Devout, renowned) now, with the sky so blue
Finds a voice . . . Beyond the Battery, hark—
Those are Freedom's guns!
Valor and trust,
Sea-blue weather, the rising of new suns,
A name like flame,
A spark in your breast that you nurse of Man's old divinity,
Where your placid dead have rest,
Where your dead have such long, long rest,
Dark Trinity!

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Secretive Emperor

AUGUSTUS. By John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $4.50.

AUGUSTUS. By G. P. Baker. New York: Dodd, Mead Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

COMPARISON between two biographies of the same man, published within the same week, by two of the best biographers now living, is inevitable. It is also, in the present case, impossible, for neither has produced a book that trespasses on more than the remoter marches of the biographical territory explored by the other. Both Buchan and Baker recognize that the capital difficulty in dealing with the subject is the lack of data on which to analyze the most secretive mind in history.

Buchan avoids the difficulty by assuming that the mind was a mechanical instrument; that Augustus, mediocre in all else, possessed the special ability of constructive government, of constitutionalization after revolutionary upheaval, which was illustrated in modern times by Napoleon and the members of the Convention of 1787. "He realized the profound truth that a revolution, if it is to endure, must be in large part a reaction, a return to inbred modes of thought which have been neglected." In answer to the nineteen centuries of laughter which have greeted the first emperor's statement that he restored the Roman Republic, Buchan thus stoutly replies that he did that very thing—restored the small and ancient city-state dominating an Italian peninsula whose central feature was a race of lusty yeomen. The only possible method of doing this was the method Augustus adopted—that of removing from the control of the local republic the empire of the world whose weight had broken down an excellent small-state constitution. "Augustus" was a title including divine honors for its holder everywhere but in Italy; the "Princeps" was permanent chairman of a steering committee for the government of a world empire, whose capital was by convenience rather than necessity located in the restored self-governing Latin republic. The book is largely given over to the story of how this result was achieved and the mutations through which the governmental system passed in arriving at its destination. It might be the report of a Royal Commission, in a style at once dry, clear, and vigorous, an effective simplification of matters which in most histories seem unbearably complex.

To Mr. Baker, a biographer of the emotions, for whom a simple and obvious explanation will never do when he can find an intricate one (for feelings are never easy to analyze), this is over-simplification. It is significant that when Buchan chooses to quote an ancient author it is always Frontinus, Pliny, or Tacitus, while Baker chooses Horace or Virgil, who recast fact in an emotional mould. Also significant is the case of Julia, Augustus's daughter, who, the ancient historians assure us, was condemned to banishment by her father for her flagrant violation of his edicts against adultery. Buchan accepts this story at face value and gives it a page, with the remark that the father of the world made an indifferent father of a family; Baker cannot avoid spending half a chapter in surmising some secret and deadly business behind the unvarnished narration.

From Baker's standpoint the political-instrument theory of the Augustan mind is naturally unsatisfying. In the details of Augustus's reorganization of the empire and restoration of the Italian burgher class, to which Buchan awards two-thirds of his book, Baker is so little interested that he can give it only a dozen pages. The rest is devoted to the exploration of that almost disembodied intelligence. Yet this plumps Baker squarely into the difficulty the Governor-General of Canada avoids. "Octavian," he is finally obliged to conclude, "was more than a person. He was a committee; he was a pool into which a dozen men threw their special intelligence; he was a movement, a type of government. The boy Octavian, merely as such, would not have lasted a week. Octavian, the presiding member of the Friends of Cæsar, was immortal and indestructible." Which is all very true, but leaves an unpleasant lacuna around the essential fact—what brought Octavian, in the person of the Emperor Augustus, to the presidency of that committee?

We do not know: Baker does not know, Buchan is not interested. The latter's book is thus somewhat more successful in its primary purpose than the former's, in that it achieves what it set out to do, while the materials are lacking for that delicate and fascinating psychological analysis which has made Baker one of the greatest biographers now living. Yet it is almost impossible fully to understand either book without some footnotes from the other, and for everyone but the publishers, it is fortunate that they have appeared together.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of "Hail, Caesar!," a biography of Julius Caesar.

THE ROMAN FORUM

About the Authors

Once in a while a fine writer also becomes eminent in public life. Today John Buchan (pronounced buck'n) is the first Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield and has been Governor-General of Canada since 1935. His books number over fifty. He has also been a lawyer, soldier, and an M. P. He has put himself on record as wishing "to make the best literature accessible to the poorest purse," to write a full life of our General Lee, and to cement understanding between England and the United States. Buchan was born at Perth in the summer of 1876, and was educated at Glasgow University and Oxford. He has been a partner in the English publishing house of Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. One of the best English talking pictures was made from his novel, "The Thirty-Nine Steps."

George Philip Baker makes one of his homes in Sussex by the sea, the others being an orchard in Surrey and a studio in Chelsea. Mr. Baker is a non-academic historian. He worked at Woolwich Arsenal (where his forefathers had been officials) from the age of sixteen to the age of forty-three, with the exception of four years' settlement work. When his first biography, "Sulla the Fortunate," was published in 1927, he began to earn a living as an author. Mr. Baker says he lives "in a silent film," as he has been deaf since the age of eight. He finds that "the cutting out of audibility from the actual world has the result of bringing the actual and imaginative worlds into much closer similarity." It became easier for him to enter into the minds and actions of historic figures than to deal with his contemporaries.

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LA GUARDIA AT HIS DESK. *Photo by courtesy of The March of Time.*

Mayor-at-Large

LA GUARDIA: AN UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY. By Jay Franklin. New York: Modern Age Books, Inc. 1937. *Paper,* 35c; *cloth,* 85c.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

NEXT week New Yorkers will be called upon to choose between two candidates for Mayor who have several points in common. These include belligerence and a transatlantic background. They are both products of the "new immigration." They are both lawyers. They are both fighters, although skilled in different tactics. One difference between the two is that LaGuardia is a hand-made politician whereas his opponent is machine-made.

By all the ordinary rules LaGuardia should never have reached first base. The arena of politics has little use for party irregularity. But it went deeper than that with LaGuardia. Although his mood and temper were insurgent, they were under control. He knew the proper time to be regular and the proper time to be irregular. There has always been in him a large vein of opportunism which he fortunately directed toward exploiting a political system rather than the people by whom this system was maintained. At the same time he managed, rather incredibly, not to compromise his basic principles. If it was expedient to shelve them, he did so, but only until he got into office. Once seated, he dusted them off, polished them up, and offered them shining for popular consumption. He never reneged on them, and only once was he forced to put through a measure which he had previously disavowed—the city sales tax.

It is Mr. Franklin's contention that although LaGuardia was a product of the "new immigration" he escaped all of its implications by growing up in Arizona. The social and economic philosophy which he represents he brought with him, not from Foggia, the Adriatic seaport of his forebears, but from the mesas of the Southwest, where he watched the herds being ridden, wrote a column for the local newspaper, and did not know the meaning of the word spaghetti. His philosophy was the sort that stems from Moscow, Idaho, rather than Moscow, Russia. It was Western Progressivism in its most rampant form, involving a fundamental distrust of Wall Street; a simple belief in a government of, for, and by the people; a practical, neighborly solution of social and economic problems. It was free from the taint of alien ideologies. It had nothing to do with the currents of European history. His biographer would have it believed that he was a voice crying in the wilderness long before the second Roosevelt got his name in the papers. As far back as 1920 the Little Flower was thinking in terms of a permanent relief subsidy for the unemployed.

He was distinctly favored by the turn of events; by the economic catastrophe which struck the nation and the world, by the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and by the sudden birth of a national social consciousness. On the crest of a reform wave which flooded every hamlet in the country he rode up the City Hall steps in 1933 and started running things according to his tastes. He immediately left his Republican endorsers in the lurch by refusing to indulge in the traditional patronage of a new political executive. He proceeded to lift the city out of bankruptcy.

LaGuardia's intemperateness led him into constant conflict with fascism and the totalitarian philosophy. In some instances it actually involved the nation in diplomatic imbroglios with Italy and Germany. His opponents consistently attempted to pin a communist label on him, either unconsciously or deliberately ignorant of the genesis of his liberalism.

The events of the past few years have increased his stature as a political figure. Modeling himself along the lines of the tenants of the White House, he raced around the country, made speeches in San Francisco, New Orleans, and Chicago, became, as Mr. Franklin puts it, "America's Mayor-at-Large." His biographer's enthusiasm envisions a bright future for him, the Governorship, a seat in the Senate, possibly a job as Chief Executive.

But this is only sticking out your neck. The Little Flower has still to be reëlected. Whether this was in back of the biographer's mind when he undertook the biography is hard to say. What can be said, however, is that while Mr. Franklin has written an overtly partisan story, it is a story of great human interest. It is guilty of few of the excesses of partisanship. For an author so completely sold on his subject Mr. Franklin has exercised on the whole creditable restraint.

Personal Homage to Tom Moore

THE MINSTREL BOY. A PORTRAIT OF TOM MOORE. By L. A. G. Strong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by JACOB ZEITLIN

THIS is a red-letter year in the annals of Tom Moore's reputation. On the heels of Professor Howard Jones's admirable biography comes another, written with the ease, the grace, and the readableness which we should expect from the pen of an experienced novelist like Mr. L. A. G. Strong. Ever since his childhood, Mr. Strong tells us, when he used to listen to his grandmother's singing of the "Irish Melodies," the figure of the poet has had an attraction for him, and the writing of this book is therefore a form of personal homage. The kind of affection that inspires it determines the differences in estimate and emphasis between Mr. Strong and Professor Jones.

The former is more concerned with drawing a portrait of the man than with describing the fortunes of the literary personage; there is therefore no such massing of contemporaneous opinions on Moore's work as in the other biography. Since he does not regard Moore's contribution to the political life of his time as having any importance, he does not find it useful to put in elaborate historical backgrounds. Even in respect to the poet's distinctly literary achievements his appreciation is narrowly restricted. He

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throws "Lalla Rookh" unregretfully to the dogs and asks little consideration for the earlier lyrics and the later satiric skits. But on the beauty of the "Irish Melodies" he yields in admiration to no man, and to them he devotes a very fine chapter of analysis and criticism.

On the purely personal side of the portrait which emerges is an engaging and amiable one, but quite free from any touch of hero-worship. For all the sincerity and honesty with which he credits him, Mr. Strong more than once reminds us, though without censoriousness, of a deficiency in moral force. "He was the minstrel boy who was never called upon to go to the war, who played his harp in the drawing-room instead of on the battlefield: and we must take him as he was." He explains (but does not justify) Moore's conduct in the burning of the Byron memoirs as owing to a desire to stand well in the eyes of the other interested parties, and he is with those who think that the public sustained a real loss by the action.

The Colonial South

THE OLD SOUTH: STRUGGLES FOR DEMOCRACY. By William E. Dodd. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

WHEN Mr. Dodd began his career more than a quarter of a century ago the evolution and collapse of the Old South was the most imperfectly understood phase of American history. Mr. Dodd believes that the situation is the same today. But to agree with Mr. Dodd in this judgment one would have to ignore Mr. Dodd. And that happens to be impossible.

Dodd himself, the late U. B. Phillips, new and dynamic centers like the University of North Carolina group, as well as the general acceleration of historical research, have made for the rapid increase of books on special phases of the history of the Old South. Mr. Dodd is obviously the man to make the synthesis of this work that has been done, and this obligation he now assumes. His plan is to do the job in four volumes. The first volume, now published, deals with the planting and development of the Southern colonies to the year 1690.

Mr. Dodd has not lost his commendable trait of writing succinctly. The idea is what he is after. The only facts that gain admission to his pages are those which establish and clarify ideas. He tells his story in this first volume in 207 pages, yet nowhere is the reader hurried. Mr. Dodd seemingly has leisure to do what he wants to do within his few pages; he does it vividly, intelligently, and profoundly.

The struggle to achieve democracy in the face of hostile forces is the central theme in Mr. Dodd's treatment of the Southern colonies during the seventeenth century. Accordingly his emphasis and his selection feature men seeking, finding, developing, and fighting for such things as free homesteads, freedom of religion, self-government, and freedom of trade. If you ask, "Is this a full canvass of colonial history?" the answer is probably, "No, but it is what Dodd believes worth selecting as significant in explaining the development reserved for his later volumes."

The informed reader will not find much new fact in the book. That is relatively unimportant. The book is primarily an interpretation. That raises the more difficult question of how new is the interpretation. Many of Mr. Dodd's ideas have been moving around the country for so long a period that much of his point of view has lost novelty. There is no question of Mr. Dodd's erudition: it stands back of every word he writes. But it may also be true that he has less to say about the colonial period of Southern history than he has already said about the ante-bellum South.

Standing by itself Mr. Dodd's first volume is a good book but it is not a distinguished piece of scholarship. It will not satisfy completely the exacting demands of the specialist in the colonial period. It will leave the newer school of Southern regional historians somewhat puzzled as to how Mr. Dodd defines the Old South, chronologically, geographically, and culturally. But this criticism will become irrelevant as the later volumes appear. Upon them and not upon the introductory chapters of the first volume final judgment will rest.

If this review sounds a note of disappointment, it must be remembered that we expect a great book from Mr. Dodd.

Paul H. Buck is the author of "The Road to Reunion."

Mme. Alda Tells Plenty

MEN, WOMEN AND TENORS. By Frances Alda. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT A. SIMON

READERS, if any, of prima donna autobiographies know that the formula for a songstress's recollections is a compound of tears-to-triumphs career material, references to traffic with nobility and wealth, accounts of pranks by eminent musicians with that inevitable twinkle in the eye, observations about the reluctance of young people to study seriously, and the conclusion that it was all very much worth while. Read 'em and sleep. But there's nothing somniferous in the reminiscences and reflections of Frances Alda. Her volume in readable, entertaining, and it doesn't pretend to be an exercise in sweetness and light.

FRANCES ALDA: *"I Started something: the Lido Beach pajama vogue."*

Having lived the life of an opera singer, Mme. Alda hasn't been able to avoid entirely the formula for a prima donna's history, but this isn't a formula book. It doesn't even go in for much form, in a structural sense. It Tells. It doesn't Tell All, but it Tells Plenty. Undoubtedly, there will be rebuttals from some of Mme. Alda's subjects.

It wouldn't be fair to the author or to the putative reader to retail Mme. Alda's chronicles of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the Metropolitan director-general whom she married and divorced, of Enrico Caruso, Edward Johnson, Arturo Toscanini, Lucrezia Bori, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar, and the dozens of other famous musicians whom Mme. Alda encountered in her twenty-two years of Metropolitan Opera existence. Nor is it a reviewer's business to snoop behind the literary veils which Mme. Alda drapes over the identities of people who apparently tried to wreck her Metropolitan career in her first New York season. These veils are the only cautious element in the book, for, as Mme. Alda remarks, "caution was never part of my nature."

It's this absence of caution that makes her book rare stuff for those who like frank talk from a colorful woman who has seen, heard, and remembered things that opera singers don't usually include in their memoirs. There also is a lack of caution in the proofreading, for there are some valiant misspellings of names.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Logic of Sentiment

FLASH. Good life takes bad beating. Economy of abundance trips over abstraction. Words are not things, says nemesis of American business. Famous conservationist seeks operational definition of integrity.

In the current *Harper's* Mr. Stuart Chase publishes the first of three articles on his discovery (midway in a career that has not been altogether inhospitable to rhetoric) of the dangers latent in words, personifications, abstractions, and verbal proofs. Beginning with the observation that the word "idealism" has no meaning, he goes on to test for meaning a good many more words, phrases, and concepts which he had used in developing his favorite theories. The test led him to read widely among writers who had undertaken a similar search, notably Ogden and Richards, Bridgman, F. C. S. Schiller, and "parts of Pareto." As a result he has abandoned some of his former conclusions and determined to rely on a new method of thinking. There have also been some interesting by-products of the research. "A brief grounding in semantics [the science of meanings] besides making philosophy unreadable, makes unreadable most political speeches, classical economic theory, after-dinner oratory, diplomatic notes, newspaper editorials, treatises on pedagogics and education, expert financial comment, dissertations on money and credit, accounts of debates, and Great Thoughts from Great Thinkers in general."

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Chase still finds The New Economics readable, but one is compensated for that omission by the slur on pedagogics and the realization that it appears in Mr. Chase's part of *Harper's*, not the Easy Chair, which is frequently in hot water for remarking that what pedagogical theorists say has no meaning. But there are some striking gaps in Mr. Chase's list of the geysers of verbalism. If newspaper editorials have no meaning, what about liberal journalism? Liberal journalism (referent: *The Nation* and *The New Republic*) is vocational verbalism. It consists of arguing for people who agree with you before you begin, finding logical arguments to rationalize nonlogical sentiments, building structures of verbal proof out of abstractions and personifications, and asserting for your comfort and the encouragement of those who agree with you that those structures correspond to verifiable entities in the objective world. That sort of thing, one understands, is what Mr. Chase is currently objecting to.

It is news, of course, when any writer, especially an intellectual, resolves to use words in strict reference to things and to controllable and consciously used abstractions. The customary rejoicing in heaven has been arranged for, and the editor of this journal welcomes all volunteer allies to the task of policing beautiful thinking. But they mustn't bring any unconscious metaphysics with them, and the editor is not sure that Mr. Chase has crossed over into camp ground washed wholly clean of original sin. (Metaphor, not abstraction: see Mr. Chase's footnote in the back of *Harper's*.) The problem is not simply to give words exact and verifiable meanings, but there are horrid intimations that Mr. Chase thinks it is. "People [he says] are not 'dumb' because they lack mental equipment; they are dumb because they lack an adequate method for the use of that equipment." The good life has just moved one step farther away: behind that assertion crouches the theorem that when people have got an adequate method everything is going to be pretty lovely. Isn't that a metaphysical theorem? Isn't it just a subtler symptom of the disease that makes the class struggle out to be a combat between a hero and a villain and thinks that justice and truth and capital are things you can go out and bark your shins on? And what about the people who are perfectly capable of mastering the already existing methods for the use of the equipment Mr. Chase has in mind, but don't master them? Why don't they? What are we going to make of the fact that they don't? What does Mr. Chase propose to do about the fact, and how does it work in with his discoveries and resolutions?

Maybe he had better read some more "parts of Pareto." It was Mr. Chase, not the editor, who hauled Pareto into this discussion, but it was the editor who hauled liberal journalism in. Well, in last week's *New Republic* a writer used Pareto's name as a curse, precisely as in his evangelical youth he used to use Satan's. Now Pareto was an actual man who wrote, among other things, a book called "*Traité de sociologie générale*," which examines the mechanisms Mr. Chase is discussing, and which, by personification, has come to have an animate existence of its own and has been christened with its author's name. All right, we can give the term "Pareto" a precise meaning, an operational definition: people can read the book and agree on what it says. The *New Republic* writer is capable of performing that operation; if he performed it, he would mean by "Pareto" exactly what Mr. Chase means by it. By reputation he is an intelligent man (operation: Binet-Simon test, Alpha, Stanford Revision), but he would righteously and angrily repudiate the suggestion that he use the term "Pareto" in an operational sense. As he uses the term it has no meaning—no meaning as Mr. Chase, Mr. Bridgman, and the rest of us define meaning. In fact, it would be a rare issue of any liberal journal (referent as above) in which Mr. Chase could find ten statements all told that had meaning.

But though the epithet "Pareto" as the *New Republic* writer uses it has no objective, verifiable, or operational meaning, it is heavily charged with private meaning, and that meaning is both clear and useful to the writer and to the people he writes for, the people who share his sentiments. It means, ho, such bugs and goblins. It means "fascist"—another word which, Mr. Chase says, has no meaning as it is commonly used. It means any dislike, any apprehension or any phantasy, any consoling swear-word, any emotion conformable to the emotional pattern that employs it. It corresponds to nothing in the objective world and to nothing that people have experienced who do not have the same sentiments. But it does correspond to some lively emotions in the *New Republic* writer. And when he uses it, he produces similar emotions in the people he is writing for.

This phenomenon may be observed in practically all departments of human behavior except those under experimental or empirical control. Pareto (referent: the "*Sociologie générale*") classifies the phenomenon in the logic of sentiment. The phrase itself doesn't matter—the label might as well be x—but the phenomenon is a matter of experience. The abstractions, personifications, and verbal proofs which Mr. Chase objects to are only a part of the logic of sentiment. He had better go on and see what Pareto (same referent) has to say about the other parts and, more crucially, what he has to say about the sentiments that produce the behavior which the logic attempts to justify, explain, and defend. If he does, he will extend his list of unreadables and change his mind about some of the deplorable occupations. He may even find that his unconscious theorem is not so simple or his program so hopeful as he now appears to believe. It would also be an improving exercise to enumerate and analyze the individual items out of which he builds up his picture of abstractions careening through modern thought. The exercise might reveal that his choice of them had some tangential relation to the logic of sentiment.

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Letters to the Editor: *The President's Quotation; Praise for Brett Young*

Lost Horizon, Lost Books

SIR:—I notice in Trade Winds of October 16 that you are curious to identify the "recent author" whom F. D. R. quoted in his Chicago speech on October 5. No doubt the author has already been identified, but I will run the risk of repetition because I believe you will be interested in reading the entire sentence from which the quotation is taken. F. D. R. might well have used all of it.

The author is James Hilton—the book "Lost Horizon"—Chapter 8 and page 190 of the author's edition of 1937. The complete sentence follows:

> He foresaw a time when men, exultant in the technique of homicide, would rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing would be in danger, every book and picture and harmony, every treasure garnered through two millenniums, the small, the delicate, the defenseless—all would be lost like the lost books of Livy, or wrecked as the English wrecked the Summer Palace in Pekin.

As this is my first (and probably, my only) fan letter to *The Saturday Review*, may I also express my deep appreciation of the many hours of pleasure your magazine has given me?

W. J. BURY.

Madison, Wis.

Brett Young's Career

SIR:—On the cover of your October 16th issue appeared a picture of Francis Brett Young. On page 5 of the same issue was Christopher Morley's review of his latest novel, "They Seek a Country." You thereby gave Brett Young the honor that was due him for this his twenty-sixth published novel and, so far as I am aware, his thirty-second published book.

Brett Young has had an interesting career. He has written because he has to. If there is such a thing as a born writer, a born story-teller, then he is that. His climb to mastering a well nigh perfect style was slow and difficult. The discouragements of the early years were persistent. His first two published novels were rejected thirty-two times each. And the first of these brought a sale of less than five hundred copies.

The war came, eclipsed his work, and broke his health. But he continued to climb. With the regularity of a born craftsman his works appeared. So far as I am able to discover, one, and sometimes more than one, book was published in each year from 1913 to the present day, with the exception of 1926 and 1932. His constant hammering on editorial doors gradually attracted notable attention.

His books have sold well—though not phenomenally. But they have found a steady and faithful audience. Not merely of people who only read, but of those who write as well. It is easy for a craftsman to recognize the exact worth of a fellow craftsman. Compton Mackenzie had a reason for saying, "I do not think that any other living writer can evoke a sinister landscape so accurately and alarmingly." And the Poet Laureate knew what he was about when he called Brett Young's "the most gifted, most interesting and most beautiful mind among the younger men writing English."

"HE'S BEEN THAT WAY HALF AN HOUR. HE SAID HE WAS WILLIAM BEEBE."

Unfortunately, we seldom know when we have something good. Now that Brett Young's new novel has been issued, now that the critics have spoken, now that we have read and enjoyed him again, we will forget. We will rush on to something Americanly dashing or proletarian or risqué. Being naturally most interested in our own lives, we will look for a book with which we can more intimately indentify ourselves. And, perhaps, finding it, the memory of the fineness of Brett Young will vanish.

That is at once the pity and the joy of it. Brett Young, as some one said once, is too big a man, too big a writer to be influenced by the literary fancies of the day, which change like the styles in women's hats. But because he does not lend himself to the literary flights of the day, is there any reason why we cannot heed him more, cannot search him enough, to realize that he is producing truly vital work?

JOHN C. NEFF.

Cleveland, Ohio.

"Contemporary American Men Poets"

SIR:—For reasons which Mr. Louis Untermeyer would never make obvious in his reviews of my books, I could never, even in a sudden surge of imagination, believe that your critic would, no matter what the circumstance, write a favorable review of a volume bearing my name as publisher. Hence there is no point in my attacking Mr. Untermeyer's opinion of "Contemporary American Men Poets," reviewed by him in your issue of Oct. 16th.

But in the spirit of fairness, it should be pointed out that "a few household names" were not "bought" by me, as Mr. Untermeyer insists, and that "somehow there is no room for such established poets as" (Mr. Untermeyer then lists a number of eminent writers) is a complete absurdity. With the one exception of T. S. Eliot (whom I consider an Englishman now, not an American), every one of the poets Mr. Untermeyer lists was invited to contribute to the anthology. That they saw fit not to do so does not establish that we had no room for them. It would be just as easy to point out the significant poets omitted by Mr. Untermeyer in his own anthologies!

But your critic somehow failed to mention that such established poets as Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers, John Hall Wheelock, Robert Hillyer, William Ellery Leonard, Lew Sarett, Isidor Schneider, Malcolm Cowley, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, etc., *are* included. Mr. Untermeyer took special pains in finding the weak parts of the anthology—what anthology hasn't them?—but how could he, in all fairness, overlook those I just mentioned, along with such other fine poets as Kenneth Slade Alling, Maxwell Bodenheim, Sterling A. Brown, Stanley Burnshaw, Ralph Cheyney, V. James Chrasta, Frederick Mortimer Clapp, Howard McKinley Corning, Clifton Cuthbert, James Daly, August Derleth, Glenn Ward Dresbach, Edward J. Fitzgerald, Robert Gessner, C. P. MacIntyre, Joseph T. Shipley, and a host of others I might mention?

HENRY HARRISON.

New York City.

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A Dream in Collapse

RUSSIA TWENTY YEARS AFTER. By Victor Serge. Translated from the French by Max Shachtman. New York: Hillman-Curl, Inc. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

IN the summer of 1936, in an obscure American monthly called *The International Review*, I ran across an "Open Letter to André Gide," signed by Victor Serge. It was one of the most moving documents I had ever encountered. Its writer, I learned, had just been released from Russia by a long and loud campaign for his freedom conducted by leading French and Belgian intellectuals, to whom he was known not only as a revolutionist but as a fine novelist.

For seventeen years, since 1919, Victor Serge had been in Russia: first as one of the leaders of the Communist International and, for years, the editor of its official organ, and later, when Stalin came to power, as one of the badgered oppositionist communists shunted from prison to prison and exile to exile. He had thus experienced the Russian revolution in his own mind and flesh both in its glory and in its decadence. Now, on his way back to the West, he was writing this letter to Gide—and through Gide to the intellectuals of the world.

Subsequently, when André Gide returned from a Russian tour to indict the oppression of the human spirit that he sensed there, I wondered how much the Victor Serge letter had done to open Gide's mind about the Stalinesque ballyhoo. Certain it is that the book Serge has now written, "Russia Twenty Years After," will open the minds of thousands of other well-meaning intellectuals mesmerized by their own ardent hopes.

And it will lacerate their hearts, because it is a tender and terrifying book. Its meticulous account of the Soviet realities—the wretchedness of the masses, the depredations of the terror, the crushing of thought, the outlawing of revolutionary dreams—is suffused with the author's sufferings. Nowhere does he complain against his own long-drawn ordeal at the hands of Stalin's police. But Serge feels and writes deeply, so that what is intended as a restrained political and sociological volume emerges as a species of epic tragedy.

The book begins with a section on "The Condition of Man and Mind" that strips layer after layer of propagandist veneer to reveal the poverty and despair of the Soviet masses. It is in the second part of the volume, describing "The System," that we are confronted with the most grueling sights. The large-scale persecutions which the outside world knows by hearsay, and through the occasional shock of a mass execution or fantastic show trial, Serge details from first-hand knowledge. The pages teem with names of great fighters for a better world, socialists, communists, anarchists, young people who somehow had been touched by the spirit of the revolution even under the present police regime—people whom Serge met in this concentration camp or that "isolator" or some remote place of exile. We become familiar with the technique of confessions and the inexorable demoralization of strong men and women under the G.P.U. inquisition, until the recent "mysterious" trials no longer seem mysterious.

Finally the book traces "The Political Evolution," from 1917 to date. We see a racketeering bureaucracy tighten its grip on the Russian land. The "socialism" that emerges is an obscene parody, and even more obscene is the joy with which deluded outsiders, who remained indifferent or hostile to the Russian effort in its early years, now rally to gloat and to worship.

No review can do justice to this book. It is living history, a startling picture of a dream in collapse. No communist or near-communist who knows the meaning of intellectual integrity will be able to ignore it. The twittering innocents who mistake what is happening in Russia for "socialism" in practice will damn Serge's book without reading it, but that will not prevent its essential truths from becoming known. Readers accustomed to the sweet fatuities of the Durantys, Fischers, and Anna Louise Strongs will find Victor Serge indigestible. But those among them who respect their own minds will chew and swallow the bitter facts notwithstanding.

Eugene Lyons's book on his experiences in Russia, "Assignment in Utopia," has just been published.

Pioneers in Medicine

DOCTORS ON HORSEBACK. By James Thomas Flexner. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

NO chapter in the story of medicine's climb from witchcraft to science is more colorful than that which deals with the accomplishments of America's frontier doctors in the years between the nation's birth and 1846. During this period — anesthetics and microbes, remember, were still unknown—the country's first medical schools were founded; bleeding as a therapeutic measure killed hundreds every year; unsuspected mosquitoes twice infected and almost depleted Philadelphia; a voyageur at Fort Mackinac was shot in the stomach and an obscure army doctor peered in the hole to discover the digestive process; a doctor in the South and a dentist in the North watched young men make whoopee at "ether parties" and asked themselves why bumps and skinned shins were unfelt during these gay jags.

BENJAMIN RUSH

From this American chapter in medical history Mr. Flexner has chosen seven extraordinary characters for his gallery of portraits, and so sure is his knowledge, so deft his handling, that not only does each come alive with haunting vividness, but the era itself springs into a new and brilliant focus. That most laymen never heard the names of these men does not really matter, nor should it limit in the least the book's appeal. Certainly a more lively, dynamic group has not often been brought together within the covers of one book. The author is more concerned with them as men than with their theories and discoveries, exciting as these are, and there is an epic quality to their struggles with ignorance and the wilderness.

After Morgan, who fought with Washington, and Rush, who fought against him, the horseback doctors followed settlement Westward. On the frontier, with a modicum of knowledge and the most primitive tools, they not only performed prodigious miracles but they established medical schools, carried on research, and fought their associates for their beliefs and honors with a Billingsgate fervor and complete lack of restraint. Flexner's psychology is as sure as his history. He makes no attempt to evade his heroes' vanities and absurdities, but he shows them to us with a kindly humor and a warm understanding that serves to make us like them only the more.

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Lives at First Hand

INSIDE OUT: An Introduction to Autobiography. By E. Stuart Bates. New York: Sheridan House. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by EDGAR JOHNSON

IT is easier to find a plausible definition of autobiography than a good one. If critics, under the pretense of discussing books, are really talking about themselves, as Anatole France wittily maintained, and novelists, according to Mr. Cabell, are all writing "autobiography" (not to mention Max Eastman's high-spirited diatribe against poets talking *to* themselves), it is also true that every doctor writing about antibodies, every lawyer on the due-process clause, and every industrial monopolist praising free enterprise, is really talking about himself.

In a sense, every subject is autobiography; and every form may convey autobiography. We find more of it in a single sad paragraph of Johnson's Preface to his "Dictionary," or in the "Essays of Elia," or the fictional pages of "Remembrance of Things Past" than we do in the memoirs of General Grant or Lloyd George's many-worded and furious records of his struggles against the military type of mind. And if in one way autobiography is everything under the sun, in another it is nothing at all. The protean, elusive, million-sided, contradictory personality melts away, leaving the autobiographer baffled to say who he was or what he was really like; and the memory, that fantastic, whimsical servant, yawns, transposes, distorts, and invents in the most cavalier fashion.

This nebulous realm that Mr. Bates tries to explore in "Inside Out," however, is from another angle one of the most concrete and sharply defined in the world. For it is the absolutely unique source of evidence about what a human being is to the being involved. And it is direct, immediate, and irrefutable. We can never know what it is like to be Man-o'-War or a greyhound or a diamond in a mine; and, since they left no autobiographical records, we never shall know what it was like to be Titus Oates, Giorgione, or Marceline; but Rousseau, Henry Adams, Chesterfield, Yeats—and thousands more—yield us unique and indispensable keys to their personalities by telling us what they were to themselves.

Space forbids analyzing how through the exaggerative mendacities of a Cellini we identify the boaster and liar. The least reliable and most self-deceived of autobiographers in their very falsehoods unpack their inmost hearts to future readers. Autobiography at its best may be described as human personality reflecting itself in the light of its own growth and past experience, but even at its poorest it is one of the most richly revealing of all sources of insight into our nature.

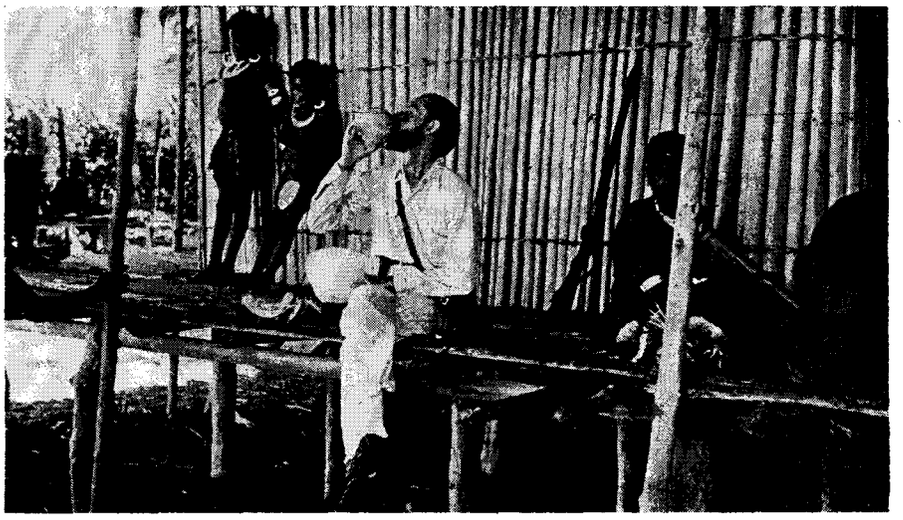
Mr. Bates's purpose is to show autobiography as a great storehouse of first-hand, vivid, authentic information about human personality, in all its variety, beauty, depth, intricacy, squalor, and grandeur. Part I is devoted to common experiences: being a child, growing up, looking for adventure. And since most people are poor, and industrialism provides the environment in which we all live, there are separate chapters on poor people and business industrialists. Part II deals with those activities that "most lend themselves to become fine arts" and those that "tell us most about the germination and development of the fine flower of human life—personality." It ranges over art, religions, and the professions, the sexual impulse, and the experiences of failure and spiritual warping.

The chapter on "Poor Folk" is a tribute to the misery and courage of humanity. It includes, among almost as many others, Sitarāma, a sepoy before the Mutiny, Sam Noble, a sailor, whose oral story was taken down by a listener, Wenzel Holek, a Czech factory worker, Etienne Bertin, an agricultural laborer, George Edwards, a trades unionist, James Burn, a beggar, and Eddie Guérin and "Chicago May," thieves.

Such choices are typical of the pains with which Mr. Bates has combed the field. He does not celebrate St. Augustine, Gibbon, Ruskin, Franklin, Goethe—whose autobiographical writings do not need his comment — but those valuable records that have remained little known or not yet had time to become famous. Of these his text discusses over four hundred, drawn from twenty-three different languages.

Mr. Bates's book conveys at its best a brilliant impression of the lives he crowds into it. It is a monumental digest, an intelligent and vigorous study, and a book packed full of life.

Edgar Johnson is the author of "One Mighty Torrent," a history of biography.



JOHN W. VANDERCOOK, IN NEW GUINEA, DRINKS FROM A COCONUT

Travel Book of People

DARK ISLANDS. By John W. Vandercook. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

SINCE his most successful "Black Majesty," Mr. Vandercook seems to have lost some of his spontaneous appreciation of foreign lands. Perhaps he has lived in too many of them (sixty-six in all), and met too few characters approaching Christophe's stature to try his talent seriously. He still writes well, if somewhat half-heartedly, and his humor is acute and clear, but one feels of "Dark Islands" that it was simply another book to be gotten through with, a fagot to boil the pot until he could brew a better broth.

Still the book is interesting because the author himself is, because he traveled "for the fun of it." With his wife he crossed the great Fiji islands of Viti-Levu, attended by savages "who practise pure communism—under the authority of absolute chiefs," though British instruction is rapidly changing them. Climbing the peaks, watching native ceremonies, doing his own laundry clothed only in a beard while the native damsels speculated upon him, he had time to ponder the advantages of that instruction, remembering the Superintendent of Education who after twenty years became so doubtful of his service that he bewitched himself and committed suicide.

In New Guinea Mr. and Mrs. Vandercook visited many primitive tribes around the Delta Division of the Kikor River. They went to the Solomon Islands upon the modern equivalent of a blackbirding boat, and explored the mountain villages while the blacks were being subtly "recruited." Mr. Vandercook didn't like the missionaries who lived more luxuriously than many of the Governors-General. But he defends, with quite reasonable argument, the many kindly and successful beachcombers he encountered. This is a travel book of people, rather than of scenes, and they are all well realized.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XVI. Off the Record

THE War Council. Priam, Pandarus, Hector, Paris, and three unidentified Brass Hats. Also Ilium, the Radio Voice (in person), who takes notes. Pandarus and Ilium wear modern dress; the others in classic panoply.

PRIAM—Gentlemen, I called this emergency meeting to discuss a very unusual proposal. I even ventured to ask our friend Mr. Ilium to sit in to represent the interests of the Press.

PANDARUS—I take it that Ilium understands that everything said here is off the record until a specific release is given.

ILIUM—Sure, sure. Is it all right to smoke?

PRIAM—The enemy have asked an armistice for the mutual return of prisoners; but on one condition. This was confidentially imparted to me by their envoy; they offer it as a valuable concession. They will return Captain Antenor to us if we will send Cressida in exchange.

PARIS—We knew the Greeks were short of women, but that seems pretty brazen.

HECTOR—We haven't been accustomed to use women for military trading.

BRASS HATS (in unison)—Outrageous!

PANDARUS—Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

ILIUM—Just a minute, old man; I don't get your slang.

PANDARUS—It means, the Greeks are most dangerous when they pretend to be friendly.

ILIUM—That's what I thought. Some hidden dirt. Yeah.

PRIAM—I agree, it sounds disgraceful at first; but let's discuss. The Greek note, stripped of its customary obfuscation of diplomatic jargon and insincere courtesies, reduces to three points. First, and I must say, with characteristic effrontery, they remark that we have long had here in Troy at least one more woman than we need—

PARIS—Well, damn their crust! If they couldn't keep her, it's just too bad.

PRIAM—They're quite flowery about it. The exact text says: "And whereas the aforesaid golden apple, awarded as the prize of beauty, has now begotten the hard cider of discord, unpalatable to both parties, we therefore . . ."

PANDARUS—Your majesty, it's a trick. The Greeks are always plotting something when they go in for literary allusions.

BRASS HATS (always in unison)—Yes, it's a trick.

PRIAM—Second, they base their extraordinary suggestion on humanitarian grounds. They point out that from a military point of view it is greatly to their disadvantage, but they say that Cressida's father, Doctor Calchas, is seriously ill and needs his daughter.

HECTOR—I don't think we owe Doctor Calchas any particular consideration.

ILIUM—I should say not. He blew like a tire, left your Brain Trust flat on its—I'm sorry.

PRIAM—I don't hold anything against Calchas. I was rather relieved when he left. I'm too oldfashioned to understand all those economic diagrams. I'm only thinking of the young woman.

ILIUM—He certainly shipped a carload when he got that filly. He didn't find *her* under a pile of statistics.

PANDARUS—May I remind the last speaker that—hmmm—it takes two parents to ship a carload. Speaking as her mother's brother, I think I have a right to protest against this proposal. I do not believe her father can be genuinely ill, since he was attempting to reach me on the telephone the other evening.

PARIS—That's queer.

BRASS HATS—Devilish queer.

PANDARUS—It makes the more certain this is some stratagem.

PRIAM—He might have been telephoning because he felt that he was *going* to be ill. But allow me to proceed, gentlemen. I am in sympathy with the obvious arguments against this offer; but let me add, the Greek note categorically assures us that the lady would be free to return at her own pleasure.

ILIUM—Your majesty, nerts.

PRIAM—Possibly, possibly. But we Trojans have always made war chivalrously. I should be sorry if it were said, we refused to allow a girl to visit her father when he needed her.

BRASS HATS—Trojans are always generous.

PANDARUS—Suppose she doesn't want to go.

HECTOR—Pardon me, the question of military necessity takes precedence over other considerations. If the girl is free to come back when she pleases, that puts a different aspect on it.

PANDARUS—Surely, Colonel, you don't trust any such pledge?

HECTOR—It would be very helpful to have Antenor back again. He is one of our ablest officers and we miss him seriously. Would we have to surrender him when Cressida returns?

PRIAM—They say not.

HECTOR—Antenor's worth half a regiment of hoplites. I don't mind telling you, we could use him right now.

PARIS—I think I agree with Lord Pandarus. The whole thing sounds fishy.

BRASS HATS—Military necessity, military necessity.

PRIAM—I admit that we need the truce. It would give us a chance to replenish food supply.

PANDARUS—It would be a mistake to decide so important a matter too hastily. Your majesty mentioned a third point?

PRIAM—Yes, I was forgetting. It seems rather trivial, they throw it in as a sort of postscript. The Greeks say that if the armistice is agreed, they assume we would have no objection to their moving that Horse of theirs closer to the city.

HECTOR—That damfool Horse. I don't care what they do with it.

ILIUM—It's an advertisement of some sort, they want us to get a good look at it.

BRASS HATS—Ha, ha, ha, that damfool Horse!

PANDARUS—I don't like to seem argumentative, but even the Horse might be made the subject of protest. If it's an advertisement, it may be the beginning of a movement to scatter that sort of thing all over the countryside. Very distressing in our lovely Trojan landscape. Can't you imagine vulgar effigies in grotesque shapes, an eyesore to the traveller?

HECTOR—Absurd! We're wasting time.

PRIAM—Surely, my lord, you are too fanciful. Not even the Greeks would be so debased. They say it's a Y. M. C. A. hut for the amusement of their troops, and they want to move it out of the sun, where it won't be so hot.

PANDARUS—I'm willing to concede you the Horse, gentlemen, if you will give more careful thought to the other matter.

PRIAM—The Greek envoy is waiting for our answer. There are really only two questions. Take the lesser one first; the Horse. Do we agree that during the truce the enemy can shove it around as they please?

ALL—Agreed.

PRIAM—Carried, nem. con. Now the more important decision. In the exchange of prisoners, shall we allow Miss Cressida to visit the Greek camp, with full privilege of return, in exchange for the unconditional surrender of Captain Antenor? Is there further discussion, or are you ready for the question?

PANDARUS—My friends, before this is hurried to a vote I must say a word. I freely admit the great value of Captain Antenor's services, but I am convinced this is some ruse on the part of the enemy. Is it not possible that Dr. Calchas, already an admitted traitor to our cause,

(*Continued on page* 16)

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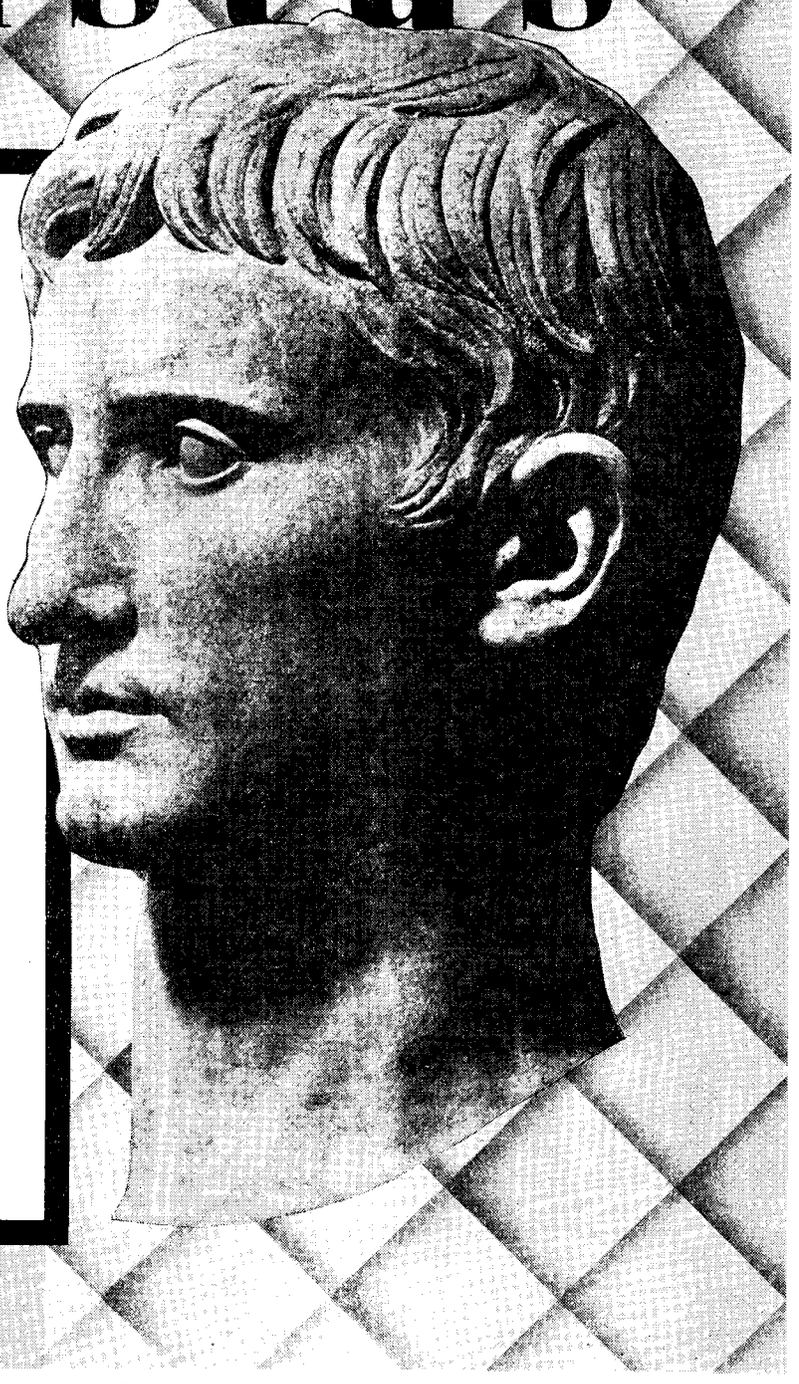
By JOHN BUCHAN

Augustus



HE was a small man with nervous indigestion and an itch for power. About him was a world in turmoil; enemies on all sides, and an empire as a prize.

THE odds were all against him. In Rome there was Fulvia wearing a sword against her hips and inciting the soldiers to revolt. In the East, there was Antony, a great general and a popular hero, indulging his vigorous appetite for law, order, and high living. There was also Cleopatra, mistress of Antony, of Egypt, and of intrigue.

JULIUS CAESAR had been a genius with the weakness of genius; but Augustus was not a genius and except for his health he had no weaknesses. He was an average man equipped only with sound judgment and infinite patience — such a man as in our own day might have built a kingdom in rails or oil. And so it was Augustus and not Julius who founded the Roman Empire.

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Doing Without Grammar

(*Continued from page 4*)

hoff, collaborators in a pure, easy, fluid style in which accidents are so rare that they stand out like buttes. In "The Hurricane" they show a group of human beings riding out a tropic storm in a moored boat, which, in default of any other utensils, they have to bail with what we of the New England yokelry, in our more decorous moods, call thunder-mugs. "Being smooth and rounded and provided with good handles," we read, "the wind could not tear them out of our grasp." This says that the wind was smooth, rounded, and provided with handles. In "Manhattan Murder" Mr. Arthur Train, creator of that beguiling and resourceful attorney, Ephraim Tutt, acquaints us with a similarly odd fact of nature, the gnawing away of the ocean by the seashore upon which it charges; "Like a tide pounding against the rocks, the barriers to the conviction of the lower members of the criminal hierarchy were being gradually eaten away." Mr. Hopkins of the P. W. A. got lost on his first visit to the mammoth new Department of Labor building, and the Associated Press narrated: "Coming to the newly completed building for a conference, his taxi driver let him out at the private entrance." That is, it was the taxi driver who had an appointment with Miss Perkins. Of a quaint Harvard Square character Mr. Lucius Beebe writes in elegiac strain: "Heart of oak and watchman of the night, undergraduates will not look upon his like again." Being, like Kipling's castaway, a man of infinite resource and sagacity, Mr. Beebe may very likely retort that illustrious universities, *vice* their illustrious presidents, confer honorary degrees in precisely this syntax every June of the calendar. ("A scientist renowned for his selfless love of truth, his researches in the field of electrodynamics [or investment banking, or stock-breeding, or the circumvention of sales resistance] have opened new vistas . . .") Mr. George Foster Peabody, in a discussion of Woodrow Wilson's attitude toward lawyers, reminisces: "Talking nearly a quarter of a century ago with a long-time associate in educational efforts respecting our mutual friend, Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton University, he said . . ." And a downtrodden underling of our astounding Federal bureaucracy writes me dolefully that whenever he begins a letter "In reply to your inquiry your are advised . . ." the chief of his department meticulously corrects it to read: "Replying to your inquiry you are advised . . ."

Who replies to whose inquiry? *Who* is talking, and *who* says? *Who* is a heart of oak? *Who* has a selfless love of truth? Horse sense asks the questions; it is the plainest possible function of language decently used to answer them; and how on earth is language to answer them if it have not grammar? Here once more, you cannot extricate the crass utility of language from its grammatical pattern. They are not two, but one.

The sort of impatient and discontinuous modern mind that has "no use" for grammar has also perfected a curious device for turning the general into the particular, the total into the partial, and the eternal into the momentary by a fantastic perversion of what is, or was in the days of grammar, called the harmony or sequence of tenses. An Appellate Division "handed down an opinion that public intoxication *was* a crime," and an English writer, shown through an American branch of the Institute for the Blind, was given a demonstration "that Braille *was* one of the simplest systems to understand." For both examples I am indebted to the Associated Press, which seldom or never states general and continuing truth in any other form. The Sherwin Cody School of English, in a widely used advertisement containing well over a dozen oddities of diction, punctuation, and syntax, declares: "If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what *was* right"; also, "Mr. Cody proved that there *were* no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation." (I should have supposed that there "was" but one: but never mind.) The bottom of this particular ditch is sufficiently plumbed in the classic assertion, "Socrates believed that the soul *was* immortal."

Sensible persons have no reason for caring whether the organ of language is played by ear or by note, so long as what is heard is the right tune; but the observed fact is that many of those who are the most confident of their ability to play it by ear are always producing the jangle of this spurious "agreement" of tenses. Here again the trouble is caused by atrophy of all instinct to ask the pertinent question, the question of both common sense and grammar—in this instance, *When?* A weightier symptom could not more expressively reveal the mania for transience of a generation indisposed to conceive that any truth on earth can be so for longer than the instant it takes to phrase it.

Clamber, finally, up one of the several precipices on which the grammatical consideration transcends mere Sense and invades the altitude of Style. Survey what this same transient, tangential, grammarless mind has done to that most ancient and honorable of linguistic institutions, metaphor. It is ancient and honorable because so much of language has evolved through metaphor. Most of the English vocabulary consists of figures of speech more or less overgrown. Thus, all of us speak in veiled metaphors even when we do not choose to. But sometimes we do choose to. We contrive (when we do not parrot or pilfer) overt, deliberate figures of speech in order to dignify the commonplace, freshen the trite, reveal some occult aspect of something, or merely show off. And then things begin to happen over and above what we foresaw.

In Tulsa a big Holstein cow in a red silk costume wins a beauty contest; wins it, according to the Associated Press, "hands down." In Mr. Sherwin Cody's proposal, cited hereinbefore, to teach all of us How to Master Good English in Fifteen Minutes a Day, it appears that many of us have long been handicapped by a bugbear. A swanky Manhattan specialty shop, one that is to retail trade what Miss Sitwell is to literature, praises a new autumn shoe for women in these lyric words: "In the midst of October's swirling leaves, town doings, and dervish-like skirts, you put your foot on firm ground when you don this serene shoe, tailored and trim and restrained—oil on troubled waters!" (The mark of admiration is not mine.) From the Sunday radio page of the *New York Times*, which is at least as well written as any such page that I ever consult, I learn that television is being "carefully nurtured against the pitfalls . . . that beset the broadcasting era in its swaddling days." And here is Mr. Train again, writing of his Napoleon of the criminal underworld: "It was the gangster's last stand and he was staking everything upon one throw."

(May nobody remind me at this point, or ever again, that Hamlet himself weighed the advisability of taking up arms against a sea of troubles. Hamlet, I take it, was resorting to a futile metaphor to convey futility, as who should say "You can't fight back the flood tide with a broom." What floors us in a really well muddled figure of speech is the utter lack of any intention at all—the daze of the mind behind the metaphor.)

Well, when the artist of prose fails us and will not nurture us against the pitfalls we can still turn for illumination, or at least relief, to his brother craftsman the poet. We turn to Mr. Allen Tate, and he promptly confides to us: "We are the eyelids of defeated caves." I make bold to say that he is right, and that his line, properly understood, is as neat an exegesis as we shall ever see of why the ungrammatical modern mentality does what it does to helpless metaphor along with the other resources of speech. "Eyelids of defeated caves"! The explanation hits the nail squarely where a nail ought to be hit—that is, on the chin. What more inevitable, what more harmonious with the laws of causation (if any remain unrepealed), than our latterday helplessness to pick out a usable trope and then use it with a sane modicum of consistency? Human beings, modern or other, can but do as they are—and we modern human beings, it is revealed at last in this lightning flash of Mr. Tate's, are nothing but sadly muddled metaphors ourselves.

Wilson Follett is a novelist and critic, author of several books, including "The Modern Novel," "The Second Twenty-Eight Years: a Note on Stephen Crane," and "No More Sea."

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An Intimate Saga

THE MOTHER. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

READERS of "Three Cities," "Salvation," and "The War Goes On" will scarcely recognize the author of those panoramic novels in "The Mother." It is another Sholem Asch who is disclosed in this more restricted canvas; the spirit is gentler, the touch is more compassionate, the communication is immediate and happy. Instead of tracing the varying careers and conflicts of classes thrown together by a great upheaval, "The Mother" is the story of one particular—and one particularly characteristic—immigrant family. Other characters are drawn in the narrative: the sculptor Buchholz, the traditional child-like genius; the more assimilated Miss Forster, a somewhat shadowy figure; the poet Freier, who differs in no degree from his fellow-poets in fiction. But the tale is almost wholly about Ansel, the dreaming, incompetent, Scripture-reading father; Sarah Rifke, the bewildered but uncomplaining mother, and their children.

We follow the fortunes of the Zlotnicks from a village in Poland across the Atlantic, that fabulous Red Sea, to New York, through the mazes of resistance and adaptation, poverty and comparative luxury, ritual and rebellion. Moishele becomes Sam Moses, a hearty East Side "all-rightnick"; Shloime is translated into the prosperous Solomon, who helps, patronizes, and finally grows ashamed of his "greenhorn" family; Deborah has her dream, becomes the mother-mistress of the almost inarticulate Buchholz, and leaves him when she thinks that the educated Miss Forster would be a better companion for him.

There is much to be said on the debit side: the characters are too much like automata; they conform to the dictates of their types to the smallest detail—the long-suffering mother, the absurd but pathetic father living in a world of the past, the sacrificial lover, the artist with the body of a giant but the soul of a child. They never break through the well-established patterns; they are not so much persons as pieces which are moved about. And yet they are moving. They move us, queerly enough, not because of their acts, but because of their backgrounds. It is the shifting scenes, the glowing settings, which are more powerful than the personages. The very descriptions are active; the unlabored lines have a tactile persuasion. Never has Asch composed a warmer narrative. It lacks the sweep of "Three Cities" and the grim vigor of "The War Goes On," but it has something which these larger volumes never achieved: humor and a teasing tenderness. It should be Asch's most popular novel.

The Folklore of Capitalism

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A Psychological Jekyll and Hyde

THE MAN WHO STARTED CLEAN. By T. O. Beachcroft. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. BEACHCROFT, an Englishman, has written unusual short stories, but this, so far as the present reviewer knows, is his first novel. The central situation of the story, he tells us, is taken from a medical case history. Other novels have been written featuring amnesia, or loss of memory, but in this instance the protagonist so completely loses his memory (owing to a violent accident) that he returns to the state of a new-born child. In the process of recovering it he develops a dual personality that is especially baffling to the girl he loves and finds again while in his "second state."

Before his loss of memory he is quite an ordinary young man on the way up in his uncle's business and controlled by his uncle's entirely conventional ideas and ambition for him. After his memory has disappeared, he develops rapidly from an infantile state into an independent inquirer and questioner of conventional life and conservative ideas. He becomes an intense individualist with no slightest desire to fit into the workaday world. In this new personality, he appals his stick-in-the-mud uncle; and several passages between them, and his uncle's attempts to deal with the situation, have fine dry humor. Edmund's later account to Dr. Kynaston of his sensations upon and after recovering consciousness with his memory gone, is fascinating and convincing. In fact, the document becomes remarkably and truly poetic. Life assumes a vivid and terrifying intensity to the newly cleansed vision, an intensity that hints of Blake and Whitman:

> Coarse and drunken men glow with the brightness of angels; a little child with bright hair takes joy in the torture of living things; a beautiful girl of fifteen has the wet blood of a fox's carcass, hot and smoking from the hounds' jaws, smeared upon her face; a man is torn from his bride's bed and shot against a whitewashed wall, with her kisses still upon his lips; a murderer flings himself into a horrible death to save the lives of strangers. The smallest wing on the air is too huge for understanding, and the whole network of the stars at midnight will contract into the palm of my hand.

All this is excellent and absorbing, and the type of dual personality evolved (the two finally to be blended into a composite Edmund with a much greater grasp on reality than formerly), makes the old Jekyll and Hyde story (despite its dramatic values) seem rather like claptrap. But somehow one lays the book down with the feeling that Mr. Beachcroft has muffed a big chance. A master would have made this book masterly, and it falls short. One feels that only in the case of the second Edmund does the characterization go deep enough. Nevertheless, it is an original and often moving story, though, again, in the treatment, at intervals, one almost sees a Wodehouse narrative hovering in the wings. A fault of method, somewhere. Decidedly, however, a novel worth reading.

London Wasteland

THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE. By James Curtis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

THE London slum-dwellers, the pugs, tarts, bar-flies, who root about in James Curtis's novel, might sometimes mutter "There ain't no justice," but they would not thereby be passing judgment upon their environment, or plotting rebellion, things that phrase usually implies. Upon their lips it would be just such a complaint as we might offer up against the rain or the cold, or against death itself, a helpless commentary given voice only for the momentary relief such expression brings. But there is no hope in it for larger relief, nor belief that such relief can be. That is the biggest force in the book, a bleak fatalism deeply imprinted upon the mind and life of all the characters. They are not tragic because they do not struggle or dream; they feel they are clay at the core. It is a completely black and rigid picture, psychically a genre study, of its kind perfectly done.

It has seemed necessary to establish the atmosphere first, since the story itself is inconsequential and depends upon this atmosphere of fatalism for the significance it undoubtedly possesses. Tommy Mutch is a preliminary boy who is jockeyed into a series of boxing victories by a crooked promoter. Even when he believes he is actually a good fighter (for they don't tell him the fights are fixed) he knows no joy in his fighting. It is his trade, a giving and taking of beatings for the money in it, for the drinks he can buy and the girls he can get. A good half of Mr. Curtis's pages are devoted to reports of these fights, and they are, quite apart from the book itself, as unromanticized and unrelenting a study of cold brutality as fistic fiction has to offer.

Tommy's brief delusions of success, his discovery of the fraud, and his violent attack upon his deceivers, are all of the drama that remains. The story moves in sudden spasms of action that serve to light up, intermittently, the really hopeless gloom that gives character to the scene. It is a modern London wasteland, inhabited by excellently described and developed figures. Mr. Curtis's achievement is in bringing these to us really and wholly, unadorned by any of the dignities and compensations of literature. The book is a powerful job of realistic writing.

The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from page* 12)

hopes to worm some of our secrets out of a confiding daughter? And consider the case of the girl herself, thrown into the license and disorder of a military encampment. Do not think I am moved only by being her near kinsman. Here she has a home, friends, protection, and at this moment a chance to resume social usefulness after some years of domestic shock. Is it our Trojan chivalry to use one of our own children as a political pawn?

PARIS—Hear, hear! Very well said, my lord.

PANDARUS—I don't suppose anyone here recalls the case of Chryseis and Bryseis—

ILIUM—Sure, I do. A couple of tarts.

PANDARUS—I can hardly say that the gentleman takes the words from my mouth, for I had intended a softer phrase. But such is the fact. Chryseis and Bryseis were a pair of our own Trojan country girls who were too confidingly entrusted to the Greek headquarters. Gentlemen, their demoralization was complete. I've been told that they are now professional habituées of Sarpedoni's dance hall,—practically on the menu.

HECTOR—Surely, sir, you show unnecessary doubts of the lady's stability? In any case, she will have her own father as chaperon. What more can we ask?

PANDARUS—And finally, consider the publicity aspect. If it becomes known that we barter our females for campaign advantage, it would make the name of Troy shameful for ages to come.

ILIUM—I can't imagine ages to come worrying about this old burg. They'll have troubles of their own.

PRIAM—Admitted that international traffic in women has its drawbacks.

BRASS HATS—Question! Question!

HECTOR—I move you, sir, that we accept the enemy's proposal.

BRASS HATS—Second the motion.

PRIAM—You have heard. All in favor of the motion?

(Hector and the three brass hats rise.)

It is carried, four to three. It is painful to go against the judgment of one of our most respected members, but I must believe that his forebodings are excessive.

PANDARUS—At least you will give the girl time to prepare herself for this deplorable event.

PRIAM—Hector, if you will bring in the Greek envoy we can discuss the necessary arrangements.

ILIUM—1185 B. C. marches on!

XVII. Half Way Across the Dark

Pandarus's house; the patio in evening light. Coffee and liqueurs have been served. The ladies invited to say goodbye to Cressida are now leaving at last, with the usual female reluctance and multiplied valediction. Pandarus is easing them toward the doorway, where Dares skillfully completes the process of ex-

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trusion. Troilus (in modern uniform) stands on the outskirts of the group; he looks unhappy.

HECUBA—Well, my dear, I really must go.

TROILUS—Now mother, you're repeating yourself.

HECUBA—I hope you'll find your father improved. Take your knitting with you, it's a great consolation if you have to sit up late with an invalid. Troilus, are you coming with me?

PANDARUS—I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm keeping him a while; we have some business.

HECUBA—I really hate to go, this is the only house in Troy where one still gets decent coffee.

PANDARUS—You're very kind, ma'am. (But he takes away her cup so she can't ask for more).—I'm afraid it's too strong, it keeps people awake.

HECUBA—That's just what I need.

PANDARUS—The ruling classes should spend at least half their lives in sleep. (He moves her firmly toward the door).

HELEN—When you see Menelaus, be sure to give him my messages. Tell him not to do too much. If they win he'll have to take me back; that'll give him a scare.

ANDROMACHE—I think it's wonderful of you to do this for us; it's real patriotism. I'm going to write an editorial about it for the Junior League.

HECUBA—The Greeks are very attractive socially; don't let them persuade you to stay too long.

CREUSA—I'm sure you're tired, so we won't keep you.

PANDARUS—I know my niece appreciates so many kind wishes. I mustn't let her stay, she still has some packing to do.

HELEN—Goodbye dear, I envy you having a chance to get out of town.

ANDROMACHE—Try to find out what they're wearing in Sparta this season.

CRESSIDA—It was so sweet of you all, I don't know what to say. I'll be back before you know I'm gone.

And now they have got them all through the door. Aren't women terrible, says Cressida. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, observes Pandarus, waving farewells. He turns and sees that Cressida is already in Troilus's arms.—I guess this is one of those evenings when I take Antigone to the movies, he says; and leaves.

(*To be continued*).

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 187)

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO: "OLD AGE."

It is not by muscle, speed or physical dexterity that great things are achieved, but by reflection, force of character and judgment; in these qualities old age is usually not only not poorer, but is even richer.

DONALD FRIEDE

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Who Is Donald Friede? Actively connected with publishing in all its branches for over 14 years. Co-owner of Boni & Liveright from 1925 to 1928. In 1928 founded Covici-Friede with Pascal Covici. Published first books of *Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Dorothy Parker, Ben Hecht* and *Charles MacArthur, Sidney Kingsley, Anita Loos, Robinson Jeffers, Clifford Odets, Frances Marion, Emil Ludwig;* others equally outstanding. Also published the books of *Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Gene Fowler, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sherwood Anderson, George S. Kaufman, Jacob Wasserman, H. Bedford-Jones, Rockwell Kent, Fulton Oursler, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Albert Einstein* and *John Steinbeck* among a list which includes a large percentage of the major contemporary writers.

Recent Contacts in Hollywood For the last two years I have been in Hollywood, the major part of this time as Story Editor for the Zeppo Marx agency, one of the most important agencies on the coast. It was while I was marketing the works and services of some of the leading writers in the film industry that I became increasingly aware of the fact that very many stories and novels which might well have been sold to the movies for good prices, remained unsold because they were not presented in the form best suited to ensure their sale. I therefore decided to devote my entire time, as well as the experience and contacts which I have acquired, to helping the new writer who has been struggling along without guidance, as well as the more established one who also requires the help I can give. I offer two separate services.

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All fees and charges are all-inclusive, and payable on the submission of the manuscript. No charge will be made for resubmission, and for the checking of revisions made according to my suggestion.

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DONALD FRIEDE

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The Status of Science

THE ADVANCING FRONT OF SCIENCE. By George W. Gray. New York: Whittlesey House. 1937. $3.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. By Tobias Dantzig. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

THESE books, each with its own virtues, contrast and complement each other. Mr. Gray's book, a recent selection of the Scientific Book Club, is a careful, spirited, popular (in the best sense) résumé of a number of relatively recent scientific achievements; his range runs the full gamut from atoms and stars to life. Since he has had the advantage of personal contact with some of the leaders in this advance, his summaries are informed and intelligent. Dr. Dantzig has no concern with particular scientific results; he is interested in the rationale of science. Thus, whereas one book explains in detail the currently achieved picture of the nature of atoms, stars, and of life, the other undertakes a critique of the pictures obtained by scientific method. Each of these things has of course been done before, though not, again of course, in the same way or from the same viewpoint, but both stand doing a number of times; the one because the achievements of science are news, and need the careful consideration gained by book publication; the other because the assimilation of the current revolution in science is possibly central in the understanding of our culture.

The contents of Mr. Gray's book must be suggested by sampling. The first few chapters dealing with the earth's atmosphere and the stars are distinctive in containing an account of Karl K. Jansky's recent discovery of a kind of cosmic static, and an extremely able summary of the work of Hubble and Tolman on the expanding universe. The most interesting discovery within the atom seems to be that of an attractive force between protons, of unknown character, which overrides the repulsive force due to their like charge, and is thus responsible for the existence of the great variety of atoms we know, rather than the sole existence of primitive hydrogen. Chemistry is represented not only by a general survey of the great number of new materials produced by its aid, but by a biographical sketch of Irving Langmuir and a summary of his work. For the life sciences, one of the highlights is the account of Wendell M. Stanley's crystallization of the tobacco mosaic virus.

Mr. Gray has signally omitted the Queen of the Sciences, mathematics, but Dr. Dantzig supplies the lack. Indeed his book might have been titled: The Bearing of Mathematics on the Sciences. Beginning with a rather heavy recital of the depressing predetermined picture of the universe held by classical science, he quickly strikes the vivid stride of the modern revolution. The presuppositions of the former are traced to their root in the mathematical infinite (and its counterpart, the infinitesimal); the evolution of the sciences is taken to be their mathematization. But the infinite involves many difficulties and antinomies; in fact, it is the chief headache in scientific thought. A precise examination of its relation to physical science, beautifully conducted by Dr. Dantzig, leads to such paradoxes as a practical physicist being an idealist and, more importantly, completely disposes of the classical view. The final result is that "it is impossible, by means of observations alone, to separate the *observata* from the *observer*," that is to say, the objective world of classical science has only a kind of provisional and conventional existence. The discussion of this conclusion, which seems to be the big news of the day, has been heated and confused; Dr. Dantzig shows how poorly founded is the idea that it is bringing science and religion to a closer union. There seems no doubt that it sums up an era; with time and luck it may mean the birth of a new era. For the meantime Dr. Dantzig has given the aphorism: "Read your instruments and obey mathematics; for this is the whole duty of the scientist."

It seems too much to expect a wide public for Dr. Dantzig's elegant performance, but those with the wits for his feast will enjoy great fare.

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The Scenic Stage

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEATER: A study of the theatrical art from the beginnings to the present day. By Allardyce Nicoll. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $10.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

THIS is a revision, and to some extent an expansion, of Professor Nicoll's scholarly history of "the playhouses and their mise-en-scene"; its author describes it, modestly, as an "outline" and intends it for scholars. It is admirably illustrated; the casual student of this essentially casual art may treat the volume almost as a picture book; even the general reader may find it pretty. The general reader, with his odd, unscholarly notion that the theater is a bare hulk when there is no play in it may, however, be a little chilled at Mr. Nicoll's essentially architectural point of view, and tear himself away without too much reluctance from "The Development of the Theater" to spend a couple of riotous hours at "Room Service."

I have, I am afraid, a not too sneaking sympathy with the average reader in this. Mr. Nicoll believes differently, of course. "The study of the theater of the past is one which is necessary not only for the scenic artist, but for the true playgoer," he reflects. "Unless we have a knowledge of past theatrical history we can barely form an opinion concerning the more recent developments in scenic history." I do not think this is quite true; an active playgoer can form an opinion of anything, as Mr. Nicoll, if he practised instead of taught drama criticism, would bruisedly know.

Only a specialist, of course, can properly review a specialist's book. Mr. Nicoll's carries, however, the conviction of its own scholarship. I am sure that so long as he confines himself to history only another scholar could quarrel with him.

Of course, like most specialists, he does not so confine himself. His recently revised final chapter concerns the modern stage, and it is at once too condensed and too arbitrary. Realism in design is out; conventionalized design is in. Only, I gather, from this conventionalism will we wrest things "more worthy and more enduring than the problem dramas of a Pinero and a Jones." The connection, I confess, escapes me. But, then, I never understand the "scenery boys" and I think Mr. Nicoll is one of them. They'll probably get us in the end, too.

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Chinese Leader

GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK. By General and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

THIS little book is made up of three documents. The first, written by Mayling Soong Chiang, the generalissimo's wife, offers an apology and an explanation for the slow development of a modern, united Chinese nation. The others are accounts of the amazing abduction of General Chiang at Sian, in December, 1936, and his subsequent release. The generalissimo's own story, consisting of extracts from his diary, is supplemented by the text of his final admonition to his captors.

Madame Chiang's writing is simple yet colorful and dignified. She pleads for sympathetic understanding of China's difficulties, springing as they do from the introduction of a new civilization into a vast, undeveloped country impregnated with a tradition and an ignorance which must be painfully destroyed. The core of her argument is that the gradualist policy of the Nanking government must be supported by all right-thinking individuals. Communists, bandits, Japan's militarists —but not her capitalists—are holding up the good work by their depredations. It is against these enemies that China must struggle.

Chiang, his wife maintains, had national unity almost within his grasp when the Sian episode took place. As it is described here that incident makes an absorbing story in human terms, but one which taxes the credulity of the Western mind. The rebels appear in the role of rash but naive militarists who, distrusting Chiang's sincerity, seized the generalissimo in order to impress upon him the necessity for speeding up the democratization of China. They held him for a fortnight while arranging for their own security after his release. For his part Chiang is shown as the pious patriot, refusing to sully his own or his country's honor by treating with rebels and military subordinates, and cowing the mutinous war lords by sheer force of character.

This may be the truth, even the whole truth. But the external evidence goes far to disprove the picture here presented. Chiang Kai-shek's past brands him as an exceedingly astute politician rather than a simple, high-minded national hero. We know that the Sian rebels were strongly influenced by the Chinese communists; that their uprising was symptomatic of a militant, nation-wide demand for strong and immediate resistance to Japan, which had been sharply repressed by the Nanking government; and that the Sian coup paved the way for a stronger anti-Japanese policy involving an alliance with Chiang's erstwhile communist enemies. "General Chiang Kai-shek" does not even hint that this development was furthered by events at Sian, or that these had any effect whatever on the reorientation of Nanking's policy.

And in the survey of China's problems, Madame Chiang's anti-communist strictures, her condemnation of all Chinese to the Left of her husband's government, read more like Nanking propaganda than a truthful description of the facts. Chinese communism, with its progressive agrarian program, is after all an outgrowth of the Kuomintang's failure to assist the peasantry—a failure hardly mentioned by the generalissimo's wife. It would, of course, be more than extraordinary if the rulers of a nation gave an unbiased description of their actions. This book is decidedly not that, but it is so persuasive in tone that it should be accompanied by a glance at the other side of the shield.

David H. Popper is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

A Shadow among Mystical Shadows

THE TRIAL. By Franz Kafka. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

KAFKA'S novel, published thirteen years after his death, is an extraordinarily tantalizing piece of work, which leaves behind a vague and troubled impression, a sense of some dazzling truth hidden just out of sight behind pages the author has not written. There is even a sense of the author's backing away, before a spiritual fatigue evident everywhere throughout the book, from the necessity of seeing his ideas through to their logical culmination. His theme is stated, it is embellished with a beautiful precision of detail, and it is lost in a maze of psychic and mystical groping about that fades away beyond borders.

The protagonist is Joseph K. (already the mysterious initial, far from simplifying the case, serves to depersonalize and destroy the outlines of the man), a bank official, who is arrested one morning for some crime he cannot imagine or ascertain. There is a series of hearings before fantastic tribunals that seem convinced of his guilt and discuss it without ever giving him any clue to its nature. K. is enveloped in an atmosphere of judgment and doom that has nothing to do with anything he knows; he can get no grip on it, make no impress upon it, and he is carried at last to his execution just as puzzled and inarticulate as on the day he was arrested.

Naturally there are varied interpretations that may be placed upon the very statement of the story. It is a fable of the natural man lost among the formalisms of an over-complex society. Or it is an asking again of Pilate's old question, what is truth, what is justice. (If so, how much clearer was Wassermann's "Maurizius Case.") But in either event, Kafka wearied and let his hand fall. The bold stroke of contrast, the sharp, definite picture, is missing. Book and epilogue combine to describe a writer of rare talents, depressingly sensitive to the governing forces of his world, who possessed the unique ability to outline those forces in a psychic, intuitive fashion without ever being able to rise above them for the direct attack.

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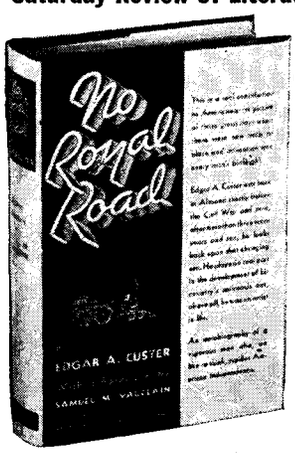

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foreword by Samuel M. Vauclain

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The New Books

Biography

THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY. By Glyndon G. Van Deusen. Little, Brown. 1937. $4.

Mr. Van Deusen's new life of Clay differs so completely in conception and execution from the recently published work of Mr. Mayo that the two books should not be considered as competitors. The later is far more intimate and complete in detail, deals with Clay's background and career to the year 1812, and forms only the first of three projected volumes. Mr. Van Deusen's book is a complete life in one volume and follows the more conventional pattern of a political biography. As such its true rival is the life by Carl Schurz, a book which has maintained supremacy for half a century.

Mr. Van Deusen's work rests upon very careful and thorough research. So far as the factual narrative is concerned the reader will find it correcting Schurz in detail, adding much information of which Schurz was ignorant, and incorporating the advances made by scholars in the long interim since Schurz wrote. Mr. Van Deusen is to be commended for his fairness. He betrays no bias toward any section or political party and he is almost ideally objective toward his central character. His judiciousness is carried with a natural grace that refreshes the reader and inspires his confidence. Possibly the most distinguished feature of the book is its incisive, critical analysis of men and events which surpass both Schurz and Mayo.

Yet we are not in agreement with the high authority of Allan Nevins who believes that Mr. Van Deusen's book "completely relegates" Schurz's work "to the shelf of superseded books." The Schurz biography has lived because of its brilliant interpretation of Clay's character, superb literary qualities, and philosophical insight in the meaning of nineteenth century politics. It is hardly a disparagement of the soundness of Mr. Van Deusen's craftsmanship to say that he is not the equal of Schurz in these respects. Mr. Van Deusen does not remove Schurz from the shelf of important books which remain worth reading but he has earned for himself a place on the same shelf.

P. H. B.

Fiction

RUMBIN GALLERIES. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.50.

This is Grade C Tarkington, a moderately enjoyable triviality about the adventures of an art dealer who sells old masters to esthetically ignorant millionaires. The book consists of a series of episodes, some of which ran as short stories in the *Post*, and which are joined together sufficiently well to come under the definition of a novel. The stories are a bit strained by coincidence, the young love motif is conventional, the whole thing superficial. "Rumbin Galleries" is just good enough to show what fascinating material there is in the art business; undoubtedly Mr. Tarkington could write a first rate novel about it if he wanted to. This one, of course, makes no pretensions beyond entertainment; but it goes without saying that Tarkington at his best is better entertainment than Tarkington writing with his left hand.

G. S.

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT. By George Challis. Greystone Press. 1937. $2.50.

It is nothing particularly new to write a novel about Richard Coeur de Lion, but Mr. Challis (the name is "a pseudonym for a well-known writer") has given us a narrative of pace, color, and liveliness in revivifying the old tale of Richard's return from the Second Crusade and the adventures of himself and his troubadour-knight, Blondel. This is a thoroughly enjoyable historical novel, notable for its humor as well as its derring-do. The romantic swagger of it does not make unreal the essentially human characterizations. Richard as turnspit in Hochdorn for the head-cook, Tabor; Erich von Habicht as villain and the delightful Elspeth as heroine, Blondel's conflicting emotions of loyalty and love; imprisonment by Leopold of Austria whom Richard had kicked from off the flag-mound at Acre in the Holy Land; how Richard bore himself as a disguised knight in tourney, and how Blondel's singing accomplished his rescue from dungeoned doom; these are only a few of the elements in the story. It is a well-constructed one, with italicized interludes that reveal how Richard since his shipwreck in the Adriatic and entry into the domain of the Duke of Austria has plagued the mind of the Emperor abroad and his plotting brother, Prince John, at home. The dialogue is sufficiently modernized to carry conviction of reality, the writing is thoroughly serviceable, and the author has a keen sense of a drama. Altogether this tale is in the best tradition of costume romance.

W. R. B.

UNDER THE FIG LEAF. By Edwin Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.

There is nothing to prevent an English nobleman who has enough property and enough money from reviving the feudal system in his own bailiwick, and setting himself up as a tin-pot Mussolini. That is what Lord Breakenham does, and his conflicts with the enraged but frustrated villagers provide an excellent beginning for Mr. Greenwood's new novel. Unfortunately, after fifty pages of good satirical melodrama, the story loses sight of its point and goes into extravaganza. Lord Breakenham tries to establish his fascist movement on a national scale; he attracts a following of purple shirts, Mayfair degenerates, nudists, and other lunatics, whose antics make dull reading. The enraged villagers disappear, and with them the novel's contact with reality. There's a good idea in "Under the Fig Leaf," but it is badly botched.

E. C.

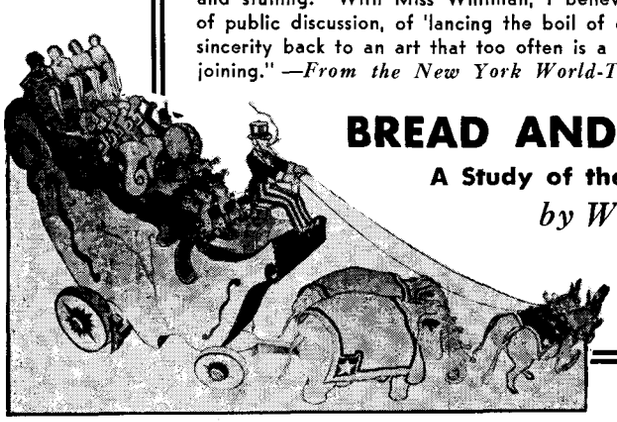
Miscellaneous

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACIES. By Calvin B. Hoover. Macmillan. 1937. $1.50.

Mr. Hoover's book is easily the most significant recent contribution to the immense and growing literature in this field. He attacks vigorously and effectively the current theory, best known to English readers through the works of Laski and Strachey, that fascism protects property and freezes capitalism. On the contrary Mr. Hoover maintains not only that all totalitarian regimes, Russia by no means excepted, practise the same political methods—as to that there is little need for argument—but also that they are coming more and more to pursue closely similar economic ends. His analysis of surplus value in dictatorships, communist as will as fascist, is penetrating and convincing. Nowhere will one find a more thoroughgoing exposure of the myth that under Mussolini or Hitler the big capitalist is treated as the fair-haired boy of the regime. American business men, particularly those who hope for salvation via totalitarianism, need to ponder this conclusion prayerfully. Also the discussion of "terror as a social insti-

(*Continued from page* 22)

"The Federal Theater, at a minimum of expense, is reviving acting and theatregoing in arid areas," says HARRY HANSEN. "The Federal Theater, if dangerous to anything, is most dangerous to clap-trap and stuffing. With Miss Whitman, I believe in the salutary effect of public discussion, of 'lancing the boil of discontent,' and bringing sincerity back to an art that too often is a branch of carpentry and joining." —*From the New York World-Telegram review of*



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by Willson Whitman

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IN the New York Book Fair—which opens Friday of next week—we shall look forward with particular interest to the Modern Bookshop, which will display a stock of 6000 books. (These not for sale, but orders will be taken and transmitted to any bookseller preferred by the customers.) 80 publishers submitted lists of tiles, from which a committee of N. Y. booksellers selected the volumes to be shown. This provides an interesting opportunity to check the tastes of the Trade itself. ☞We note with pleasure that the shop's display windows on Rockefeller Plaza will be supervised by Mr. A. Van A. Van Duym, the supreme Window Comptroller of the Doubleday Doran chain.

☞Mr. Bill Finneran of Lippincott's had just started on his 22,000-mile airplane flight selling books when word came of the tragic smash in Utah. A more jitterous passenger might have been dismayed by this, but Mr. Finneran merely muttered to himself "The lightning never strikes twice in the same place" and hopped off from Chicago for the Southwest. In Chicago he was met at the airport by a committee of booksellers who gave most cordial greeting to this new experiment in aerial distribution.

☞Modern Age Books has just issued its first series of paper-bound, 25c reprints. Delighted to see that E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* is on the list; also Dorothy Sayer's *Suspicious Characters.* There are 8 titles in all, so far. ☞Startled to see a list of people referred to as "our most rebellious left-wing critics—headed by Mencken and Eliot and including among others Ludwig Lewisohn, Isaac Goldberg, Joseph Wood Krutch, Bernard DeVoto, Thomas Beer, Louis Untermeyer, Van Wyck Brooks, Babette Deutsch, Eda Lou Walton, V. F. Calverton, and Granville Hicks." We take this from *I Hear America: Literature in the United States Since 1900,* by Vernon Loggins (Crowell), which also misspells William Faulkner's name several times in the text, once in the index.

☞The lovely autumn weather has brought Old Q. to the mat with a poem for book collectors. The history of Old Q.'s verses is unique: he has been sticking them in, like citron, for years, and no one yet has ever noticed them. Some day he'll come out with a volume of Complete Negligées (about 20 pp.) and shame his public. ☞This time he did a low lout in honor of the Ana fraternity, as follows:—

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(or, the α and ω of Book Collecting)

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  When the secret pride he nursed,
Though the publisher ill sped it
  And the binder did his worst.
This is as the critics bled it
  While the hopeful bookstore cursed
And the advertiser fed it
  All the taffy that he durst.
Time may beautify, re-edit,
  Print it for the richly pursed,
But collectors have the credit—
  They said Dibbies on it First.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE TWITTERING BIRD MYSTERY *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Lawyer Josh Clunk, crafty rattler of family skeletons, leads police up garden path to solution of several strange killings.	Diabolical cleverness of Clunk, plus excellent surrounding cast, mysterious venom, and spiritualistic dabblings, makes superlatively potent brew.	Unexcelled
A DELICATE CASE OF MURDER *Sinclair Gluck* (Macmillan: $2.)	Harness-bull Burnham and under-cover sleuth Slosson trace killer and stolen jewels through maze of Manhattan mobsters.	Guns pop, sirens scream, gangsters torture, cops drop, and thieves fall out, but justice—and love—are finally triumphant.	Good thriller
NO TEARS SHED *Alfred Betts Caldwell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sudden demise of generally despised Offenbach in private office sets wits of detective Brandon and amateur Freddy Philpotts working overtime.	Simple and somewhat disappointing solution after a lot of galloping around Manhattan among demi-mondaine psychopathics and the like.	Nothing startling
THE CLUE OF THE BRICKLAYER'S AUNT *Nigel Morland* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	Singing and dancing by crippled mute start redoubtable policewoman Pym on trail of theft and murder.	Blood - and - thunder affair with Scotland Yard performing in three rings at behest of "Edgar Wallace's literary successor."	Shilling-shocker

WORDS

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The New Books

(Continued from page 20)

tution" goes further to explain the blood purges characteristic of European dictatorships than anything that has been written on the subject hitherto. It raises the question, however, as to whether Mr. Hoover does not attribute a greater measure of strength to totalitarian regimes than the facts warrant. Machiavelli's observations on the fate of terrorists who run amuck may be justified again in Russia and elsewhere.

A considerable part of the book is devoted to the line-up and outcome of the impending world conflict. While of fascinating interest, the treatment of this topic inclines somewhat to the "either-or" type of presentation. One notes in particular that although the author includes all the great powers of Europe and Asia in his forecast, he avoids prophecy as to the part the United States may play. As to the British he is quite explicit: they must either attempt to purchase peace during the present year or decide to resist. In the latter case "a general European war can be expected within a very short time." R. C. B.

A LONDON HOME IN THE NINETIES. By Vivian Hughes. Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.

Mrs. Hughes here carries on the autobiographical record begun in "A London Child in the Seventies" and continued in "A London Girl in the Eighties" through the years of her marriage and young motherhood. Her chronicle is a bland and agreeable but quite undistinguished portrayal of Victorianism at its most pallid, a narrative conventional in outlook and humorless in spirit. A good half of the book is given over to an account of the author's experiences as instructor in a training school for teachers on a trip to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, and on her travels in Switzerland; and the remainder deals with the life of the young matron in the London home which gives the book its title. Mrs. Hughes's incident is commonplace and her comment hardly less so. Her reminiscences are likely to have greater appeal for her family than for the world at large.

A. L.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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1- H	2- K	3- E	4- Q		5- F	6- Y	7- S	8- H	9- T	10- B		11- U		12- H	13- V	14- D	
15- A	16- Y	17- W	18- U	19- J		20- C	21- N	22- S	23- F	24- H		25- Q	26- R		27- E	28- X	29- M
30- Y		31- U	32- S	33- B		34- J	35- T	36- B	37- N	38- C		39- L	40- G	41- I	42- Y		43- G
44- D	45- H	46- K		47- I	48- J	49- U		50- J	51- P		52- C	53- H	54- G	55- U		56- V	57- B
58- X	59- P	60- U	61- O		62- P		63- I	64- N		65- H	66- F	67- J		68- G	69- I	70- A	71- M
	72- O	73- T	74- E	75- I	76- H	77- X	78- C	79- D	80- Y	81- V		82- B	83- P	84- F		85- L	86- P
87- N		88- V	89- W	90- R	91- M	92- E	93- O	94- X	95- N		96- A		97- V	98- P	99- R	100- K	101- Y
102- S	103- M	104- J		105- H	106- C	107- K		108- I	109- U	110- O		111- R	112- K	113- Q		114- H	115- G
116- W	117- X	118- R	119- T	120- E	121- Y		122- D	123- G		124- K	125- I		126- C	127- B		128- F	129- E
	130- K	131- D	132- T	133- C		134- C	135- Q		136- F		137- L	138- O	139- M	140- G	141- T		142- F
143- U		144- K	145- M	146- O		147- W	148- V	149- S	150- C	151- H		152- N		153- E	154- A	155- D	
156- L	157- G	158- N	159- A		160- W	161- B	162- S	163- D	164- L	165- V		166- Q	167- D	168- X	169- M	170- A	
171- R	172- L	173- N	174- D	175- X	176- T	177- O	178- I		179- I	180- L		181- A	182- Q	183- F	184- N		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double - Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Giver of private information on probable events.	70 96 181 15 170 154 159
B. Pursued unrelentingly.	57 161 36 82 33 127 10
C. Naturalized French composer (1819-1880).	106 52 20 133 78 126 134 150 38
D. German composer (1791-1864).	122 167 14 174 44 163 79 155 131
E. Gave confidence to.	3 129 153 74 92 120 27
F. Voluptuary.	5 84 142 128 183 136 23 66
G. Lycanthrope.	40 123 115 54 68 157 140 43
H. Papers published by Thackeray (1837-38).	105 151 76 65 45 1 114 53 8 12 24
I. Detestably.	41 63 125 179 69 85 108 75 178 47
J. One of "Helen's Babies."	34 48 104 67 50 19
K. Diminutive legendary person (2 wds.).	124 112 100 130 2 107 46 144
L. Beset in ambush.	137 39 180 164 172 156
M. Arrogance.	71 29 145 91 103 139 169
N. Asceticism.	21 158 95 184 64 173 152 37 87
O. Walked with short shaky step.	146 138 61 110 177 93 72
P. Group of reptiles (Zoöl.).	51 86 59 98 62 83
Q. Gap.	166 25 182 4 113 135
R. Become callous.	99 90 26 118 171 111
S. Agreement; harmony.	162 149 22 102 7 32
T. French place of pilgrimage.	9 73 132 35 141 176 119
U. Don Quixote's lady-love.	55 49 60 18 11 109 143 31
V. Blind alley.	148 88 97 13 81 56 165
W. Capital of ancient Phoenicia.	147 89 160 116 17
X. Expressive of wonder.	168 175 28 94 58 117 77
Y. Hebrew dialect.	42 101 121 30 16 80 6

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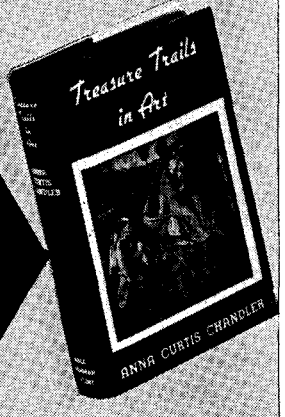

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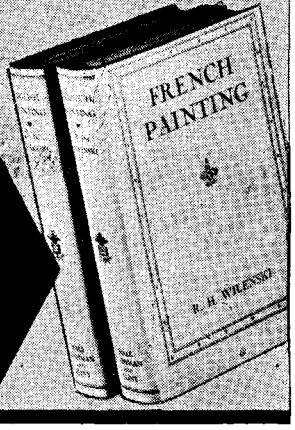

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